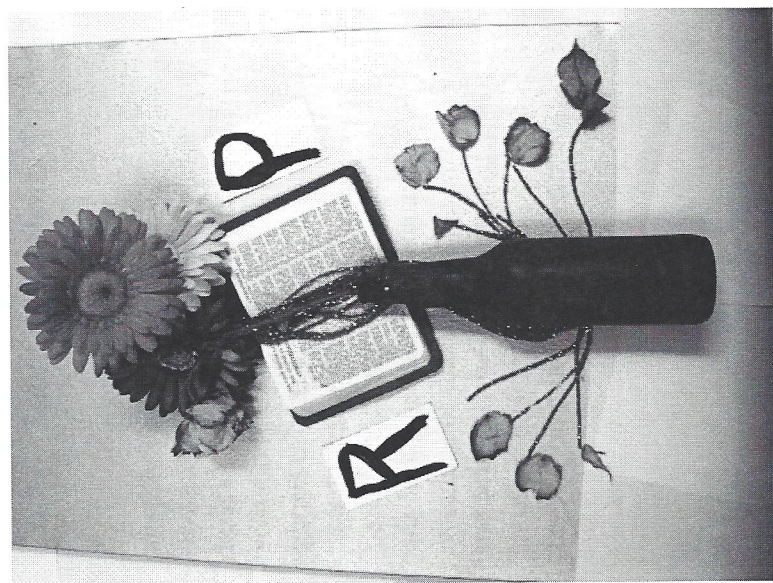




photograph by Joseph A. Pasquale

Forever Undone

By Joseph A. Pasquale

Table of Contents

snapshot of eastern city	4
downtown in Julio's pizza parlor	8
taxicab fortune telling	10
somebody else	11
ghosts of you	12
tuxedo jealousy	13
beatnik abode	14
grey men, negro hair & cab library incidents ...	15
overdose of desire	18
the Mia Farrow reminder	19
monkey business	26
forever be mine	27

snapshot of eastern city

workers negro
sweat in orange tee shirts
scraTch loTTery TickeTs
on park avenue benches during break
from landscaping
CITY HALL garden-EDEN

negro workers
their beauty amongst blind men with signs on
their chests
reading,

"HUNGRY old war HERO"

"Can not Work For Food....."

bumming nickels squinting behind sad

sunken eyes

skin cracked yellowish and
malnourished

LOUD thunderous roar of shaking coins
like CITY HALL hour bell

copper SLAMS into nickel

nickel SLAMS into copper

coins ARGUE loudly in the tin cans
kids sit on wet

orange basketballs

sip sodas

drippings of sweat trickle down their
hairless chests

frequent sips of soda

cool themSELVES
from HEAT of summer day

poEts and pAINTER's
in cHeKerED sHirts and Dress sHoes
TAKE CONVENIENCE STORE JOBS AT
minimum WAGES TO FINANCE
LONG LONesome journey

across America on the road
to anywhere their hearts run
wild eyed, youthful
denying inner urges to abort hope
still LIKE = YOU + ME
we all live in self ANARCHY

on the black cables perched safe
on the electric wires
feathered birds perform while
watching EyEs fixed below
bEAks orchestrating noisy tunes
which bounce off

HOT afternoon asphalt
like the children THEY sit
equalling innocence joy
hope while thinking harmless
looking over into soft

visions
of various women
purses dangling long-haired in dresses
some hand in hand with husband
some leaning on canes as widows

and behind the gates
where tombstones stand
mourners cry into clouds sketched in gray
gray clouds which deform the sky
silver forms become darker
until the ceremony finishes
and the undertaker
begins the burial
her shovel dumps scoops of soil
into the 8 foot hole
which seals our fate

the negro men
and white men with Negro hair
have littered
ugly decorations

in the gutter

torn sandwich wrappers lottery tickets
crippled cigarette boxes
wet and soggy from CEMETARY storm

homeless shelter for ants, flies
and raindrops

over these same gutters
men and suitcase walk
passing by the real estate women
their breasts bouncing
behind lose blouses

heels CHOPping into CONCRETE

NON-earth

melodic, like proud hoofed horses
in the midst of a race

and behind foggy diner windows
eggs sizzle in butter
yellow broken yolks

paint blue aprons strapped
on streSSed waiter
folk which

serve their customers
coins on the counter which collect
like mounds of dIRTy HUBcaps
in JUNKyard

& at these counters
hungry newcomers sit
next to noisy

forks
digging into pancakes

also NEXT TO
syrup stains

scribbled on newspaper

pages

W I D E SPREAD

and OPEN
like ruffled

frightened peacock feathers
in black and white ZOO

a constant hiss howls

everywhere

as brown drops

drip into lazy

coffee pots

practicing nostril hair
nosedives

into porcelain mugs

and exiting

the bright steel diner doors,

A

into T L

L glass-windowed

banks, many

SUITCASES and

SECRETARIES race

trying to beat

the 9 a.m.

city-hall bell chimes

some of us may find ourselves
and some won't

trying to get by
in

EASTERN city STREET

EGO BEAT

NEW MODERN

snapshot EDEN.

downtown in Julio's pizza parlor

(in memory of Michael, R.I.P. April 2005)

in Julio's pizza parlor
in downtown San Diego
you had the nerve
to divorce me
the least you could have done
was give me back
the diamond I gave you
I guess you needed the cash
\$1000 pawned
for your new breast implants

your girlfriend cheerleaders
with silent confessions
secretly on my side
rolling their eyes and tongues
lifting their skirts
and flirting behind your back
ready to betray you
the same way you did to me
karma is kind of funny that way
but i am better than that
and so i heard from them
you are now pregnant
my best friend's son
in your flabby tummy
swimming around happy
he was best man for your wedding
what a shame it wasn't mine
after all I married you first.

i've got some itchy rash
that will not go away
and i blame you
although I
caught it from the waitress
in Julio's pizza parlor

Forever Undone© 2005
by Joseph A Pasquale

Page 8

who sent me a hallmark card yesterday
thanking me
for introducing her
to Corso & Kafka
but they weren't heroes
no such thing

so long to your kiss

the hero
to save our love
too late

the wrong choices
we made
can not be made right

the waitress in Julio's
just quit
throwing her towel
to the floor
like a defeated fighter

your best friend
betrayal

every wrong choice
we ever make
to serve that great
enemy
to make our

forever undone.

Forever Undone© 2005
by Joseph A Pasquale

Page 9

taxicab fortune telling

Stuck in taxicab traffic jam with memphis blues
again--going nowhere--swallowing you from time
flask drink full of minutes-- in the meantime
overlooking dragon whore in baggy clothes leaning
against lampost with cold intense lips blue & lizard
like sad & lazy while glued beneath depressed eyes
staring into space-void form of mental plague and
languid past -- her heavy wrinkled breasts sagging
like old empty bagpipes saved by broken white bra
strapped against shoulder web-- without melody her
cheeks alcoholic-like swollen and yellowish touching
her brown hair shaggy and dirty with a vibrating halo
of horse flies which are hovering hungry & seeking
shelter while she is almost shivering but much closer
to wobbling in her stance in cold October wind
balanced on her ancient red heels which stand erect
like carved plastic hotels next to imploding
snowflakes which trickle from coal red ash sky -- her
purse bloated there and hiding holes in her black
nylon legs where dusty freckles and veins have
frightened her now defunct curly leg hairs into
sprouting like mischievous eyes from deep dead
carcass-- her fat waist hidden behind unsafe
mysterious dress which dangles over her shadow on
frozen city curb like a shirt hanging from a doorknob
--a palm reader once told me that you can tell a part
of a persons past by looking them over like i have
here and i can tell you of intense moods she has
endured & her lost wealth, beauty & youth.

anything can be lost.

somebody else

somebody melted crayons
on my furnace
and it wasn't you
because you haven't
met me yet
and you have blond hair
wear blue jeans
smoke cigars

it can't be her
because she didn't have
my kids
and she wears blue jeans too
for it must be
somebody else
somebody who has keys
to my house
knows the time of day
protects the secrets
that I choose
to hide from the world
great woman de-scribler
of puzzles and passwords
which scrambled
will break my heart

ghosts of you

your identity smells
like a million suicides
as you bend tenderly
mending fragrances musical
the exciting scents
of your soul fermenting
locked between my legs

our philosophical footprints
nervously approaching
the shallow places
where lonesome hands unite
and bodies caress
beneath the yellow iron moon
spooky coyotes howl
chilly shivers trickle my spine
until I awake
in your web of darkness
as the moody blue winds
slither haphazardly
harned by fear
spilling unto the dry
park benches
and slippery hills
where old bald men reside
their fragile forms
leaning against rotting canes
your wet lipstick
dry on their cheeks
in their eyes
ghosts of you kneel
to whisper,
"Love is a coward"

tears fall
making our crooked clock
bend time
backward into infinity.

tuxedo jealousy

She sobs into his chest
the tuxedo sponge
tears wet and exhausted
as she tries to comfort him
his jealous arms hugging her tightly
and rocking her gently
in the summer park
where the shadows of families are snacking
and elderly canes dig into pebbled paths
the sounds of shuffle board competition
rattling in the wind
its gypsy drum
soft and melodic
unlike her apologetic moans
and guilty lips
the fisherman at the pond
knowing how much patience
it really takes, persistence too
as he casts another line
and wipes the sweat from his brow
with his dirty handkerchief
his eyes fixed on
the tuxedo man who is yelling
she pleads, "Another chance?"
his hands pushing the lady off
her tears frantic
as she spins her head in a frenzy
and throws herself into the grass
the melodies of shuffleboard drums
now ruffled and shattered
by her saddened screams
and his knuckled fists
as he walks fast off
in hypnotic stroll
towards parking lot escape
her eyes turned to
his wedding band in the pebbles.

beatnik abode

he used to say
he worked at City Lights
back when Ginsberg & Ferlinghetti
were young, but it was the nervous
way he told his story
that made me remember his porcupine vein habit
his silver spoon daze
his Zippo spark slumber
the countless nights
i caught him in
the Cafe bathroom passed out
hanging over toilet bowl
a picture of his ex wife
clenched in his fist of rage
my healing voice
simple and insightful
he put the picture back in his pocket
only to return to Cafe
hopeless for another chance
seeking companionship
all neurotic thought
busy in caffeine chatter
their brains of wilting nerve storm
depressed and creative
with ink and notebook canvas
at the front door
philosophical hands caress
lovers meet, swingers swing
conversations unfold laughing women
twirling cigarette storms cloud
curious breast eyes
sneak a peek thru loose blouses
spider web fetish fantasies
ask questions, need the answers
tea bags dry out on the floor
like footsteps over their young innocence
now forever undone.

grey men, negro hair & cab library incidents

her orange heels are thin peels of fragile glass as she
waits like a patient nun for the red crosswalk light on
the city curb, it is red almost ready to blink its green
letters. meanwhile she stands patiently with her
leather purse smuggled into her shoulder strapped
tightly over her breasts like a duffle bag of seduction
in moonlight dying to dance and bounce on a mans
bed of kleptomania, at 6pm she enters the library, and
then old men with grey beards moan and groan
glance into her thick orchid negro hair their minds
wondrous of her fat strawberry lips pulsating as they
walk by wishing they were 21 again, young vibrant
horny kids drunk instead of depressed in their painful
pharmaceutical trance, their bloodpressure high and
their palms bored of clenching daylong wooden
canes, their heartbeat calmed by cardizem capsule
swallows prescribed by messy ink smeared
physicians who make their patients wait impatiently
while grasping for fistfull of ruffled newspaper,
insurance forms scattered everywhere, cute nurses
calling out names in white office, chairs white,
counters white, people white, clocks white, ceiling
white, everything white. out of office visit they
escape to downtown library against canes they lean
then walk wrapped in the grey hair cancer stench, a
thick cigar tickle in their mouths burning and
blowing in the air causing others to bitch and
complain of pungent odors disturbing their pretty
world smell of car exhaust and fire hydrant urine.
unto upward moving escalators the elders ascend,
their 80 year old foreheads drenched with the drool of
the sweaty sun, which tires their soul, and their beady
eyes like black diamonds peering out unto women
amidst bookshelves bent over to get books, smooth
legs unshielded from short paper thin skirts, the old
men everyday wishing they could fuck again, lift the
skirts and see that place that is hidden in the umbrella

which dangles, that pendulum motion of womanhood on sandy beach motel mattress at midnight after drinking from Beaujolais bottle and smoking legal weed, reading beatnik madness, listening to jazz after mutual orgasm delight and long morning slumber. yes those were the days of the old grey men, their days now numbered, it is 7pm and from the lobby they still are sharing fascination with lovely negro lady who checks out at the counter, her strawberry lips frosted over by red lipstick which settles like burgundy wax burning over gleaming road map, they stare as long as they can, which is until she steps to the curb to disappear into cabcar window glare which explodes from summer sun. and how is she they wonder? inside the cab her eyes catch the cab drivers, his glance glued into hers, "take me to 446 Piedmont, a block east of the Mustard Seed" she demands lighting a filterless schmoo-snick TAR COUGH harsh, her eyes fixed on his in the rear view mirror, sensing something familiar about him, she shrugs it off, "whatever" she thinks to herself. A Beatles tune comes on the radio "Get Back, To where you once belong" she taps her fingers on window to the beat as he turns down magnolia street and runs a red light, runs into a traffic jam, slams his heavy hand on the gentle horn which fades like a stolen kiss into the loud traffic roar of rush hour bliss, 20 minutes later they survive, the cab vanishes in the circus of yellow blinkers, several black rubber fresh whiffs of asphalt paint her nose from electronically cracked passenger window, "I remember you from highschool" he snaps joyously, his hands waving in the air like magnetic puppet from half dollar carnival vending machine which has discovered cubic zirconia prize. "yeah, I knew you kinda looked familiar." she mutters disinterested, lighting another schmoo-snick and exhales loudly "quarterback in senior year, number 11 right?" she puts the match out in the ashtray and looks at her heel as if slightly stoned. he replies quickly, "number 13 actually, but that's right" he

leans over to the glove compartment and grabs a bottle of seagram's whiskey, takes a swig, it burns as he swallows but feels good, he looks over his shoulder at her negro hair which is flowing from her head which is turned to the window where rain drops trickle, the windshield wipers become busy flapping as if from feathered wings of wounded raven in shoebox, she laughs at him and says, "you are the one that got thrown out for spray painting Jerry Brown's porche, right?" he inhales proudly, his breath deep, his pot belly protruding pregnant-like into the steering wheel arc, he coughs from the smoke and rumbles "that's me alright, what an asshole", she puts her hand on his shoulder and keeps it there for several moments, approaches his right ear like coiled snake and whispers "always thought you were the cute one" she slowly drifts away, her arms folded beneath her breast, his face turns red and asks "say, can i borrow one of those cigarettes?" a quiet stillness in the air prevails, until a abrupt static on the radio injures the silence wounding darkness within now illuminated by white flickers of bright lightning, thunder crashes

the low monotone radio voice
interrupts,

"Emergency evacuation..."

she mutters,

"We should get back to where we belong..."

he asks,

"Where is that?"

and she answers,

"To Forever..."

overdose of desire

in the twisting tornado's of fate
my youth fails to overcome life's
steep hills of desire
as I tumble into deep forests of haunting delusion
with broken arms and bent back legs
a paralyzed naked soul cast to vultures and demons
soaking in the rains overdose of failure.
my lonely corpse undead and stranded
tormented by laughing ghosts invisibly within
drinking my soul
and toasting the mistress of a billion faces
who prowls outside of hellish gates
awaiting my return
the dusty glaze of my eyes ready to overdose desire
only to repent often after our naked bodies embrace
her aura too thick and powerful
as she lays on her back seducing me
I try to resist but the other one inside wins
as our naked bodies embrace.

the Mia Farrow reminder

whiffs of pink cotton candy
flutter in my hairy nostril
made of solid silence
steady
boredom
guides my feet
as I stroll
in Vince Lombardi pride
down the street corridors
which are cut by
cars traffic lights horns
headlights trashcans cigarette butts
matchbooks soda cans shattered glass
soggy newspapers
memories return
i feel young again
until i think to myself
"i am now
a bearded man"
it is here that i stroll
to Saturday Night Carnival
making my entrance
through vendor land
where scents of hotdogs
green peppers sausages
pretzel salts
decorate the air
young boys and girls
tug excitedly
on parents coats
teenagers in groups smile
smoking
clove schmoo-snicks
sipping bottles
spiked cola

all of them
forming lines
which grant admittance
to Ferris wheels
bumper cars
and other rides

it is here that i revisit
remembering years ago
with her

i'm proud of the times we shared
her and i
a storm cloud and rainy day lover

our first encounter
in the haunted house
we sat next to each other

sketched
as two loners
both secretly
high on wine
high on forever magic

CUPID TO STRIKE
BOTH OF US

it was
LUCKY for me
and LUCKY for her
a ghost emerged
and she SCREAMED
grabbing hold of my hand
the first embrace
who would have guessed
? ? ?

fear would bring our love together
this moment to begin
our 2 year affair

dinners at midnight
in the diner

cheese omelet's
and cold coffee

her red lipstick stains
across my napkin
and handle bar cheeks

we clicked
i knew it early
because when we talked
your eyes

always met mine

and plus
we both liked

KEROUAC

and

BUKOWSKI

you gave me your number
you gave me the chance
you gave me the time

i guarded our love
like it Was worth
MILLIONS or TRILLIONS
checked my Heart
even my Wallet
every 3 minutes
to make sure it was
still there

the next week at church
FATHER BROWN
feeling philosophic and poetic
saying,

"Passion is like hot water"
and no-one else got it
but we did

we took him up on the metaphor
and hummed happily
in those tea-kettle evenings
which followed

your steamy screams
confirming perfect romance
perfect love

perfect passion
whenever we made love

the mornings to explode
sunken dark eye circles
stomach ache regrets

frequent trips to the sink
to choke back vomit
to exhale toothpaste

we later took to live together
get jobs save money

both of us vowing, "TO DO THIS FOREVER"

vacations in the 1922 Tudor style hotels
almost always happy
until our credit cards neared limits
unknown to ghetto panhandlers

i remember her hands
soft and careful
on my chest

she said,
"your chest hairs are soft like cat whiskers"

and i believed her
remembering her nervous shiver

when she left

HAVING MADE HER CHOICE

to DO something
ELSE

the ashtrays full
the blue condom wrappers wrinkled

TIME CHANGES EVERYTHING

she was gone
yet I would hope

like a curious YOGI

like a lonesome P.O.W

like a hungry PANHANDLER

like a PIGEON with a broken wing

like a planted seed thirsty for water

and like Mia Farrow once said,

"LIFE IS ABOUT DEALING WITH LOSS"

loss of lovers
loss of parents
loss of good times
loss of money
loss of memory
loss of sleep

loss of mind

loss of control

loss of truth

loss of hope

loss of understanding

loss of kids

loss of love

loss of reason

loss of youth

loss of innocence

loss of custody

LOSS of LOSS.

THE LOSS OF FOREVER

i still have that napkin
stained by her red
ruby lipstick (my cheek now washed)
it is on my dresser
in a zip lock bag protected
beneath the photo album.

why i still have it
i do not know.

and tonight
i return to the ticket booth,

alone
sad
incomplete

the tall thin hispanic man smiles
i purchase 6 tickets
and
make my entrance
into the haunted house

hoping
there is a Second Chance

hoping
to get lucky again

but Life can be unforgiving
and *Logic can break your heart.*

and while waiting in line
I hear someone say,
“Love is Irrational...”
the woman’s finger pointing at the door,
“there are no such thing as ghosts...”
“You should leave the past behind.”

my hope for a second chance
in doubt

another forever undone.

monkey business

i'm sitting here
in the cold shadowy depths
of my dark damp car
my eyes behind
green binoculars
focused on your bedroom window
i can see a pair of sneakers
and heels on the radiator
two shadows on the wall
my ring still on your finger
snowflakes quietly descend
melt on the windshield
your light goes off
a station wagon drives by slowly
the woman in the front seat
has tears in her eyes
clutching a camera in her right hand
she is looking at your window too.

forever be mine

(in memory of an ex-wife)

please hang in there my love
and cherish our good times
leaving to dark shadowy graveyards
our less than memorable efforts.

for the winds of our road
lead to many places
where many times are unknown
where many ghouls and ghosts
will tempt with pirate intentions
to steal my heart or deceive yours
fear not, for faith and only faith
in each other, can carry us through.

I love you my love
and pledge to make you happy
and keep you forever faithful to our dream
our dream from the start
to never depart.

Forever be mine.

© R.I.P. Feb. 1992 – Feb. 2005 ©

... *forever undone*

For more prose and poetry excerpts visit:

www.nudebandit.com

Author's Contact Information:

www.nudebandit.com

nudebandit@mail.com